

LINCOLN TIME STORIES

By CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY



ARTISTIC ILLUSTRATIONS





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LINCOLN TIME STORIES



*Good Deeds
Mold
The Finest
Characters*



People stood in front of it all day reading it
From story (THE SWORD'S STORY)

LINCOLN TIME STORIES

By CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

Author of
READING TIME STORIES,
SURPRISE STORIES, *etc.*



FULLY ILLUSTRATED



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ALBERT WHITMAN COMPANY
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BY

CAROLYN SHERWIN

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Why, this was Great-uncle John

LINCOLN TIME STORIES



"I had to split wood and help the grocer," Bob began

THE MAN WHO KNEW LINCOLN

Bob was really quite well of his mumps, but he could not go to school yet. There was a rule about the length

of time children who had been ill with mumps must stay home. And this time covered Lincoln's birthday. That was too bad, for the primary children were going to have such a good time. Bob heard about it when the other boys and girls came home and told him across his front fence.

"We are going to march with the big flag," they said, "and have a drill up in the assembly room and sing. And," they kept the news until the last, "a man who knew Lincoln is going to talk to us!"

It was almost more than Bob could stand. On the morning of Lincoln's

birthday he felt quite like crying. But so many things happened at home that he couldn't take the time.

In the first place, old great-uncle John came unexpectedly with his great old leather bag and he wanted a fire in the guest room. It was a chilly kind of day. And mother was too busy looking after Sister and cooking to do very much else. So Bob, who could go outdoors as well as not, the doctor said, came to the rescue. He sharpened his hatchet and cut kindlings and brought in enough logs so great-uncle John could have a rousing fire all day. He hadn't unpacked

yet, and he told Bob he had saved him from the rheumatism.

Then the groceries didn't come so Bob went down to the store to see what was the matter. "If you would rather not, Mr. Stebbins," Bob said to the grocer, "I won't come in. I have had the mumps, but the doctor says I am well."

The grocer laughed. "I had the mumps when I was a little boy," he said, "and I would almost be willing to have them over again if I could get a boy to help me. Your mother's order has just gone. It ought to be there now, but I am behind with all these

orders. My delivery boy is taking a holiday."

"I can carry some of the orders for you, Mr. Stebbins," Bob told him. "I'm not going to the celebration." He took a couple of baskets and was off. It was a busy day in the kitchens and everyone was glad to see Bob coming with the sugar and eggs and spices. He worked for the grocer until late in the afternoon and then he started home. The celebration would be over at school and Bob was tired, but he had a shining quarter in his pocket in payment for his work.

When he came home, he had a great

surprise. He thought at first that he must have been dreaming, for a strange man dressed in the uniform of old war days sat in the living room with Sister in his lap. The soldier was telling Sister about Lincoln.

“He split wood for his mother when he was a boy, and he worked in a grocery store, carrying home things until late every day. You see I knew Lincoln. I went to war when he was president,” the man was saying.

But Bob knew the voice. Why, this was great uncle John! Bob had never known these wonderful things about him. His uniform, his old canteen,

his knapsack and his army pistol must have been in his bag right up there in the guest room.

Just then great uncle John spied Bob. "Well, sonny," he said, "I missed you in school. I told the children how I knew Lincoln, but I didn't see you anywhere."

"I had to split wood and help the grocer," Bob began, and then he stopped, for he had a nice thought. The same thought came to great uncle John at the same time. "You were having a Lincoln's birthday celebration all by yourself, weren't you?" he said.

That was true. Like the great man whose birthday it was, Bob had been trying to do the small things that came, in a big way, without complaining. And such an end to the day! A man who had known Lincoln right in their house!





THE BOY WHO DID NOT KNOW THE FLAG

The Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln could tell stories about the Civil War, and before he went away from Bob's house he told him all about a little boy way

down in Tennessee who had never seen the Stars and Stripes.

“It was in a little town called Normandy,” he began, “in the mountains, and way, way off with only a small store and a smaller blacksmith shop and ever so many wild dogs and rough little boys. And the Army of the Union had to stop there, for we were all tired out trying to march to Georgia and the soldiers were going to make bread. Yes, sir,” said the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln, “there was a lot beside fighting to do for the regiment.

“So we stopped just outside Nor-

mandy and set up the tents with the Stars and Stripes flying, and the masons of the regiment tore down an old house and built a big oven with the bricks. It was a big, wide, old fashioned oven such as my grandmother used. You never saw one like it. And then the carpenters of the regiment took the old boards of the house and made bread trays and mixing troughs and moulding boards.

“Then I helped the other soldiers bring water from a spring and mix it with our flour into dough. After that we moulded it and baked the loaves brown and crisp in the brick oven.

Every morning each soldier in the regiment had a loaf of fresh bread, all the same size. And there was enough baking done to provide bread for the march.

“Well, just before we broke camp there at Normandy a little village boy came with a pack of fierce hounds and was going to try and steal some bread for himself and his dogs. He looked as if he needed it, and so did the dogs, thin, half starved creatures. And the soldiers brought the boy into camp, for they had never seen a little boy so wild and ragged and yet so brave. He had tried to set his dogs on the sentinel

and was not one bit afraid when he was brought right up to the tent where the colonel of the regiment sat under the Stars and Stripes with his sword across his lap. No one was going to hurt that little southern boy, but the colonel wanted to see him.

“But the boy did not pay a bit of attention to anything but the flag. It was a large flag that had been in battles. It was torn and burned in spots, but its colors were bright. There it waved above him, the flag of his country.

“‘Whose flag is that?’ the little Tennessee boy asked in a voice full of

wonder. 'I reckon I never saw such a pretty piece of blue color as that in the corner of it, with all those stars. What's that piece of blue in your flag for?'

"Our colonel of the regiment didn't say anything for a moment, for he was so much taken aback. The soldiers stood around surprised too. Here the Union was at war with itself, brothers fighting brothers, and a fair land being spoiled with gun powder, and back there in the Tennessee mountains they hadn't ever seen our flag! Maybe that was the reason the fighting was going on, because they didn't know what Old Glory waved for.



Asked in a voice of wonder

“So our colonel called the little Tennessee boy to him and we soldiers kept his wild dogs off while the boy heard all about his flag. He heard how the red stripes stood for our country’s courage, and the white for its purity, and the blue was for being true to the right. And the boy was most pleased to hear about the blue, the patch of it with stars in the corner, for that was what took his eye most of all. And when the colonel told him that it was his flag, you ought to have seen his eyes stick out. He had very little of his own, hardly enough to eat, there in his mountain town. But it made him

feel proud to know that he had a flag.

“We fed his dogs and gave him some fresh bread to take home, and he was the friend of the Army until we started on toward Georgia. Almost every day that boy came out to our camp to look at the flag and we never thought of him as the boy of an enemy. He was just a little fellow who had never seen the flag.

“Then we joined General Grant and fought with Sherman, farther toward the sea, but we never forgot that boy back in Tennessee. We always wondered if there were not others who

did not know the Stars and Stripes, who would have loved the blue and the stars as he did," said the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln.





THE SWORD'S STORY

"Your sword is rusty, Great-uncle John," Bob said as the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln was packing his bag ready to go home.

"I know it," he said, "and there is a story about that."

"Oh, is there time for it?" Bob asked.

"It's short, and good for today," the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln said, laying

his sword in his lap. "It begins with a birthday party.

"You see, when the war was all over, there was a great deal of planting and making things and inventing things to be done in the Union. War always sets a country back, so we all went to work hard, and when we were one hundred years old according to our independence, we had what we called a Centennial celebration in a big green park in Philadelphia. But it was really America's birthday party.

"All the nations of the world came or sent exhibits to it. You would have had a fine time looking at the carved

ivories from India, the first popped corn from our west, the queer little locomotives we were using, the wax figures of minute men of the Revolution, the Chinese fans and toys, the new carpet looms, and our press for printing stamps for letters. I can't tell you one-quarter of all the wonderful and odd exhibits at the Centennial.

“We had a family of acrobats, and among them a little boy who went up over the grounds every day in a balloon. That was something very new, and always drew a crowd. But what I was going to tell you wasn't about balloons or popped corn. It was the

story of a sword as a school child had written it, and it was hung up on the wall of one of the Centennial buildings. People stood in front of it all day reading it.

“This child’s story was told by a sword itself who lived in the first place deep down under a mountain in a mine. It was dark there and the sword felt as if it would like to see the light. One day it was dug up in a piece of metal, tempered, and shaped into a soldier’s blade. It felt bright and shining then. It started out to fight for the man and win him honor and glory.

“It was a sharp, strong sword and it

did its work well, but wherever it went, instead of seeing the light, the sword seemed to bring on a storm. It was almost as bad as being hidden down under the ground in a mine. Clashing against other swords, this one that was telling its story, made lightning. All about it was the thunder of great guns and the fire of their powder. It was important to fight, this sword knew, but before it was through, it began to think of itself, not as bright and shining, but as a very frightful creature. It was not at all pleased with itself.

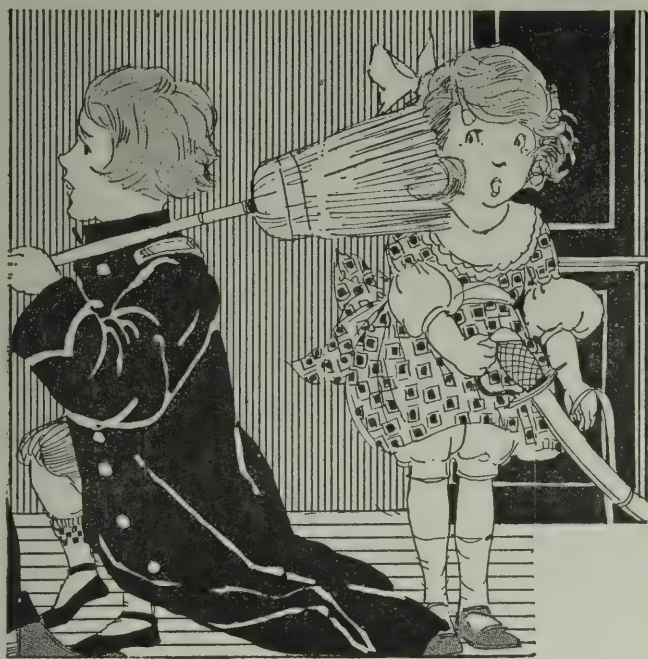
“But presently the war was over. A place was found for the sword in a sheath of leather and it was hung on

the wall of the soldier's house. It grew rusty, but it felt better pleased with its peaceful life than it had with its fighting, and it asked a quill pen who lived in an ink stand near by to write its story for our Centennial. The pen did this, and there was the little girl's sword composition in a place of honor at our country's birthday party.

"There was hardly anything there that was more interesting," the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln ended. "Every sword wants to win its battle, if it must, but a rusty sword can be proud of itself too."

"It could dig weeds, or make furrows for planting," Bob said, touching the old sword with a new interest.

“Or keep off new wars by telling the story of its own fights,” said the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln, as he went on with his packing. “‘Don’t let it happen again!’ That’s what my sword says.”





A LITTLE BUOWERIE VILLAGE ROSE

It was not so late in the season that there were not roses still blooming in the garden. Old New York, it was, and that part of it called Buowerie Village where Rosa lived. All up and down the long lane from the Battery Park as far as old Peter Stuyvesant's pear tree back of the big Brevoort

estate there were delightful gardens like Rosa's.

Rosa loved her garden, but, oh, why had mother thought that it would be a nice thing to do to cross-stitch a scarf for Granny Brevoort's highboy in a pattern of roses? Granny was Rosa's good friend, always ready to give her sugared crullers when the little girl visited the farm, but there had been so many stitches to count in the canvas, so many crewel stitches to be set in rose and yellow, before the scarf was done!

But Rosa was a long-ago child who had been brought up to finish a piece

of work patiently and well once she started it. While the birds called her from the orchard and the bees hummed sleepily among the fields of clover sloping down to the water front, Rosa had stitched. Now the cross-stitched scarf was finished, and now, too, Rosa was waiting for a surprise.

Granny Brevoort had sent word that Rosa was to be ready to go somewhere promptly after her twelve o'clock dinner. She had heard about this industrious little girl of their New York town who had been giving up her playtime for days to do fine crewel work for a friend. She wanted to give



But Rosa was a long-ago child

Rosa a happy afternoon. But what could the surprise be, Rosa wondered, waiting in her best ruffled frock on the parlor sofa, and wearing her locket and her French fan?

There was nothing very exciting for little Buowerie Village boys and girls to do except watch the ships in the harbor or pick apples or go for daisies. As she waited Rosa guessed what her party was to be.

“Maybe I am to be invited to pick pears from Mr. Peter Stuyvesant’s tree way up at Thirteenth Street,” she thought. That would be a delight, for the tree was still bearing fruit after

two hundred years of living in a strange land. Governor Stuyvesant had brought it in its shoot from Holland and set it out in the farm land at the northern end of the settlement of New Amsterdam. And it was a treat for a child of the Buowerie to eat one of its honey sweet, golden pears.

But another thought came to Rosa. "Perhaps I shall be taken to see the wax works way up beyond the Astor's place, on Fourteenth Street," she said to herself. And she shivered a little at the thought. Those wax works were as large as giants and they repre-

sented pirates and Indians among the other historical figures.

But there was suddenly a gay flare of bugles, the tap of horses' hoofs on the cobble stones of the street, a sound of merry children's voices.

"Rosa, Rosa Ver Planck, come out! Granny Brevoort has sent a coach for you. We are going to take you for a party!"

A red and yellow coach and four, and inside it some other boys and girls of old New York! A driver in a scarlet uniform and two men sitting up high at the back, also in uniforms and sounding bugles for the other car-

riages and the odd little horse cars to get out of the way! Rosa put on her bonnet and cape and hopped in. Off they galloped as gay as you please.

"Where are we going?" Rosa asked between bites of a red and white peppermint candy kiss the little Astor boy had given her."

"Oh, you wait and see," he told her. "Granny said it was to be a surprise, but we are going a very long way north. I can tell you that."

"Close your eyes, Rosa," Judith Van Rensselaer told her after they had galloped away from Buowerie Village and farther than Rosa had ever

coached before. "Now open them!" the children all shouted. Oh, what a sight met the little girl's eyes!

A very tall building, two stories high and made of brick with a shining roof, was before her. It stood in the green spaces of the Madison Garden, and there was a crowd of other children, boys in long trousers and small caps, and little girls in ruffles and flowered bonnets before it. A man at the entrance was offering small red and white striped bags of peanuts for sale. A sound of growling and roaring and of a brass band came from the inside.

How wonderful! Rosa's coaching party alighted and went inside.

There was an arena like a circus ring, covered with a green and white awning. Sawdust covered the flooring and tight ropes were stretched across the top. The children seated themselves in the box Granny Brevoort had bought for them and in came the elephants—the first elephants in New York. The tight rope lady danced, like a fairy, in her gauzy skirts. The band played without stopping, and Rosa thought that she would make several cross-stitched pieces for such a treat as this.

What was it? Listen, for it is a secret for children of today. This little girl of old New York had gone to the first Hippodrome show so long ago. Will you think of her the next time you go?





And his book dropped to the ground

THE DUNCE BOY

Junior had decided not to do his home work. It was May, and he sat out in the orchard under the apple blossoms with his reading book open on his lap. It was not that the home

work was too hard for Junior, oh, no! All that his teacher had asked the children to do was to go over one page in the reading book so as to be sure that they knew all the words in the story.

Junior did not know all the words, but he was not going to care. It was too warm and pleasant an afternoon to work. The blossoms were sweet and the bees hummed and the small insects in the grass made a low singing sound. The little boy sat on the bench under the apple tree and his book dropped down to the ground. Who cared about school?—not Junior.

And that is the way he felt when school opened and he picked up a book to read.

But how school had changed! Miss Mary, the pretty young teacher, was now quite old, with white hair and an odd cap. Sister, who sat beside Junior, wore a straight frock down to the toes of her small slippers and she, too, wore a cap in school. Bobby Blake had on long trousers and a ruffled shirt. And where were the primary room chairs and the desks that would move to the sides of the room for games? And there were no bright flowers in win-

dow boxes or white curtains at the windows.

The children, whispering to each other on the hard bench where they sat, sounded like strangers to Junior.

“We are almost finished with the candle dipping at our house,” Sister was saying to the girl next to her. Junior did not know that.

“We had to stop our candle work,” the girl answered, “for there were rumors of Indians coming down upon us from the forest back of our house. A false alarm, but we barred the door and the windows.”

Junior grew more and more puzzled, but just then he heard his name called.

“Reuben Brewster, stand up and read page twenty in your New England Primer,” the teacher was saying.

Yes, that was Junior’s name, after his father and his grandfather also. There had been a Reuben in the Brewster family for all those years. So he stood up and opened his book and tried to read, but, oh, dear, Junior did not know all the words. He had not studied his primer at home. He stumbled over the first sentence. Then he stopped altogether.

“Dunce!” said the teacher in the

cap sternly. "Reuben Brewster, put on the dunce's cap and sit in the corner on that high stool until I say you may get down."

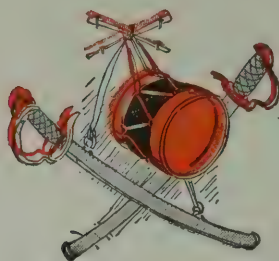
All the other children looked sorry for Junior as he put on a high pointed cap that said Dunce in large letters on the front. He had to climb up to a very high seat on the stool. His legs were not long enough to reach even its first rung. He felt miserable and ashamed. He wriggled around. Then, plump, Junior fell off the dunce's stool and into the soft grass!

He rubbed his eyes and looked about. There was the orchard, the bees, the singing insects. His reading

book lay beside him. It had been only a dream of a long-ago school like the schools Miss Mary told the children stories of. But of one thing Junior was sure as he scrambled up to the bench under the apple tree and opened his book.

He was going to do his home work. There were dunces in schools today just as there were in long-ago schools. Reuben Brewster third was not going to be one of those dunces.





When he had strapped on that drum

STAY-AT-HOME SOLDIER

Great-Grandfather's little red drum hung in a place of honor in the farm house. He had been a drummer boy in the Civil War, a boy no older than John, when he had strapped on that drum and gone with the regiment.

John knew that it was still a good drum, for he had carried it in the parade when the Feeding Hills boys decided to go to France. There was a World War and a camp for training soldiers near the farm at Feeding Hills, the farm that had been Great-Grandfather's. John longed with all his heart to go with the new regiment, beating the old drum, and telling France that America had come.

But as John thought about it and planned to run away, perhaps, for that was what Great-Grandfather had done when he joined the army as a drummer

boy, this other boy of the World War worked.

There was ever so much to do on the farm, short of men as they were.

In the spring there was the winter wheat to cut, and soon after that the haying began. The horses at the training camp needed so much hay, and wheat flour must be sent on the great ships that were carrying food to Europe. Then the seed potatoes had to be put in, and there were always odd jobs for John. He took all the care of the chickens, and bedded stalls in the barn. He helped mother plant and

tend the kitchen garden. He had no time to even lift down the old drum.

But as John worked, he often heard a patter and thud of horses' hoofs on the road in front of the barn. Looking up he would see the soldiers riding by. Then he would salute them, and once an officer had stopped for a drink of their clear, cool well water. How brave and gallant he looked in his new uniform.

"Will you need a drummer boy for the Feeding Hills regiment?" John asked, but the officer only laughed as he patted him on his head. "What we need most is regulars," he said, "regu-

lar soldiers to show that America has come.”

So John began to feel very much discouraged. He felt as if he were not keeping up the honor of the family. Father had gone to France the year before and mother was keeping the farm going with the help of two old men from the village. But John wanted to go. He wanted to beat that red drum, and with every beat tell the world what it means to be an American.

Every day made his chance slimmer, though. The training camp emptied. No one knew when the regi-

ment went, but one morning it was gone. The farm was quiet, but there was a great deal of work to do. Food, food, that was the call at all the farms that lay among their fields of grain. And John did his best to help raise food for the army.

For days there were no troops to be seen on the road. But one day, as John was raking up the chaff at the barn door, thud, thud, came again the beat of horses' hoofs. He looked out at two soldiers riding by. Why, one of them was an officer, John saw, the one who had asked for a drink and

told him that he wasn't needed as a drummer boy.

The officer, too, remembered John. For an instant he drew rein and waved his hand to the boy in overalls there in the barn door.

"Good-bye, Stay-At-Home Soldier," called the officer. "Hold that rake as tightly as if it were a musket, for it's quite as useful!" Then he was off in a cloud of dust.

John watched him until the road was white and still again in its sunlight. What a surprise that had been, to be called a soldier by an officer whose word could be trusted! Very



To be called a soldier by an officer

likely times were changed from the days when boys could drum with the regiment. He could fight a battle every day with the weeds and shoulder his hoe like a gun and help raise food for father and the others so far away in France.

Stay-At-Home Soldier! That was a fine title, John thought. He would go on helping mother and the old red drum would keep up his courage and the honor of his family, just as well as if he had hung it around his neck.





Twittered a call to Louis

FRANZ' LAST LESSON

Louis, a little boy of beautiful Alsace, was not listening to the alphabet which his good grand-mere was teaching to him in the garden. The sun

was warm and the birds, drinking at the pump, twittered a call to Louis to go with them to the meadows. Louis' book almost dropped from his hands. He was thinking, not of his A B C's, but of play.

"Fie upon you, Louis!" said his grand-mere. "You are like little Franz who did not want to learn the language of our Alsace so many years ago."

"Franz? Who was he, Grand-mere?" asked Louis. A story, he thought, would be better than saying over and over the letters of the dull alphabet.

“He was a young Alsatian boy of many years ago, was little Franz,” said Grand-mere, “and one morning just like this, when the sun was shining warmly and the blackbirds were calling across the grain fields, Franz was on his way to school. The school was kept by the kind old schoolmaster, Monsieur Hamel, who had sat at his desk so many years that the walnut tree in the school yard, once a strippling, was now bearing nuts, and the hop vine had climbed to the roof.

“But little Franz was like you, my Louis, careless of his letters, and he took his way slowly across the fields

and by the longest way. He was already late, but still he did not hurry. Suddenly Franz heard a loud drumming from the parade ground of the Prussians, for at that time our Alsace was in the hands of enemies.

“Boom-boom, went the guns more loudly than Franz had ever heard them before. And as he came to the gate of the school the town blacksmith was putting up a sign which Franz could not read, because it was written in the language of the Prussians. The blacksmith looked very sad. Franz went into school then, ex-

pecting that the teacher would scold him for being so late."

"And did Monsieur Hamel scold little Franz?" Louis asked.

"No," said his grand-mere. "Little Franz took his seat on the bench, and the school room was so quiet that he could hear the humming of the insects in the garden outside. The children sat still and with folded hands. At the back of the room sat a row of the oldest men of the village, the mayor, the letter carrier, and some old soldiers. And the carrier had his old French primer open in his lap, saying over and over to himself, the lessons

he had neglected to learn when he was a little boy.

“But the strangest part of it all to Franz was the appearance of Monsieur Hamel. He wore his best green broad-cloth suit and his white ruffled shirt and a black tie. He stood before the children and spoke to them, his face full of sorrow.

“The teacher told them that this was to be their last lesson in French. The notice pinned up on the gate said that a new teacher from Berlin was coming to their village and they were to learn only the language of the Prussians in their school, the language of their

enemies. And he said that he wished the children had been more diligent in learning their primer lessons, for the French language seemed to him the most beautiful language of all.

“So little Franz opened his book and read with the others and they worked harder over the letters and words than they ever had before. They could hear the old soldiers, the mayor of their village and the letter carrier reading, too, from a bench at the back of the room. And the French lesson books seemed to all in the school room more precious than fairy tales.

“Suddenly there was a crash of

trumpets. It came from the parade ground of the Prussians. It was a signal to close the school, for Monsieur Hamel, who had taught the children so many years, to close his desk and lock the door behind him, giving the key to the new teacher. But he waited for only a moment. He went to the blackboard and wrote on it in large flowing letters the motto of the French:

“‘Long live our Country!’

“It was little Franz’ last lesson in French.”

“Oh, Grand-mere!” said Louis, “but

not mine, is it? Our country is living and happy, and I will learn my lessons well, and now."

Louis' grand-mere smiled. "Yes, my Louis," she said, "that was a story of long ago, but it is always best for a boy to learn to read as soon as he can. That makes him a good country-man, wherever he lives."



When I was a little girl

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

“Once upon a time, please, Grandmother,” Lucy said as she set her needle straight in the seam that Grandmother had basted. It must be stitched very neatly and Lucy knew that a story would help the sewing



On a country road in the far-away country

ever so much. Grandmother knew it too. She smiled and then she began, just where Lucy had left off.

“When I was a little girl named Caroline, once upon a time,” said Grandmother, “and lived in a little red house on a country road in the far-away country, I had a queer kind of a play house. In those days if a family was so fortunate as to be able to buy a parlor organ, it had to come a long way on the train packed in a large box. Your great grandfather, my father, bought a parlor organ and it came in one of those huge boxes. And as soon as it was unpacked I said, ‘What a

beautiful play house, big enough for me to live in with my doll! May I have the organ box to be my play house?’

“‘I don’t see any reason why you should not,’ my father said, and so he and the hired man carried the organ box to the end of the orchard, where a little green path leading toward the woods began, and they set it there on a foundation of bricks, just like a real cottage.

“All summer I played in the box play house and almost every day I added something to make it more homelike for my doll. I had a doll’s

bureau there and my doll's bed with some linen sheets that I had hemmed and a red and green patched quilt that my mother, your great grandmother, had made for me. Such a pretty little quilt as it was for a doll to dream under! It was patched just like a real quilt in a pattern of stars.

“The organ box was so well made that all it needed to keep the rain out was some sheets of tarred paper spread on the roof, and I used to curl up inside when it rained and listen to the drops on the leaves, and think that raindrops played the nicest tune in the world.

“When it was the canning season and my mother was making catsup and plum butter, I played that I was canning too. I gathered bright berries and small wild apples and cooked them in water in the sun on the orchard wall. Then I put them in bottles, printed labels for them and set them away on the shelves of my play house for winter. There was something pleasant to do every day in the box play house, but presently the fall came and my mother said to me one day in late October,

“‘Bring in all your doll's things, Caroline. It is time to close the play house until next summer.’

“So I went out to the orchard with a large basket and filled it with the little dishes, the cans, the bedding, but, oh, where was the beautiful little red and green patched quilt? It was nowhere to be found!

“I felt very much like crying. I went in the house and told my mother about it and she thought, too, that it was very strange about it. Hardly anyone except the hired man went down to that part of the orchard, and of course he would have no use for a doll’s bed-quilt. It had disappeared, and my mother helped me to make a tufted pink cheesecloth quilt for my doll’s bed. It was pretty and warm, but not

nearly so nice as the red and green patched one.

“One very frosty day in November, when the nuts were rattling down in the woods, I went to the orchard and along the little path that was now brown instead of green to the woods. I was going for a basket of chestnuts to roast in front of the fire in the parlor grate and as I went I thought,

“‘I will not take all the chestnuts, for the gray squirrel who used to come to my play house last summer will need some for his winter store.’

“Just then I came to the foot of the chestnut tree which was old

and gnarled and full of holes. There, sticking out of a hole in the trunk, high above the ground, was something brightly colored. The colors were red and green. I looked at it more closely and I saw that the colors were in a pattern of stars. It was my doll's patched bed quilt!

"As I stood there under the tree, very quietly, something happened.

"Two snapping black eyes peeped out of a tiny gray hood snuggled down in the quilt, and the squirrel who wore it began to scold me, 'What are you doing in my woods?' he seemed to say, 'when I am so comfortably fixed for the winter.'

"That little gray squirrel had taken the doll's bed quilt and carried it to his hole in the tree to line it and keep himself warm through the winter!

"It was still there when spring came, but all chewed up so as to fit the hole in the tree better. I was glad, though, that it had been such a useful quilt. I don't suppose there ever was another squirrel who slept under a doll's patched quilt all winter."

"Oh!" said Lucy as she looked up from her finished sewing, "such a nice story!"

"And a true story!" Grandmother told her, which made it even better still."



THE CAT'S GRANDFATHER

There was a great deal of excitement in the living room, for a Tiger with green eyes and long, sharp teeth had come there to stay. He lay on the floor in his stripes and claws and showing his teeth in a very fierce way. He took up a large space in the cen-

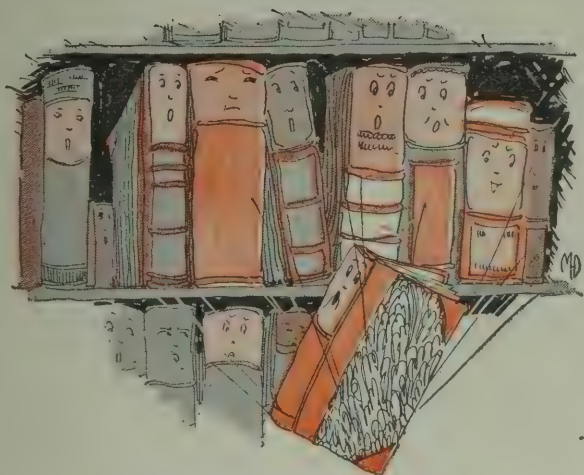
ter of the room and he glared at everything there, his great mouth wide open.

They all knew something about him there in the living room. They all had something to say about the Tiger when it was night and the house was asleep.

The desk spoke in a creaking voice like the branches of the mahogany tree whose trunk had helped to make it. "I have seen Tigers before," creaked the desk. "I lived in my tree on the edge of the jungle and I heard the roaring of wild beasts and heard their rushing and pawing along the trails. We will certainly have to move into some other room."

The books spoke also from their shelves. They were bound in fine leather and remembered when they had lived on the backs of animals of the far-off forest. "We must leave tomorrow," they said in a rustling way among their leaves. "No one who has seen a Tiger before would ever dare to live in the same room with one," said the books and they were so much upset at the green eyes of the Tiger glowing there in the dark that one of them fell to the floor with a loud bang.

There was a little ivory clock on the shelf who had once been an ele-



The books spoke also from their shelves

phant's tusk. Now she did nothing all day except tick in a quiet, soft way, but when she looked down at the fierce Tiger with green eyes and sharp, white teeth there on the floor, she made a mistake and struck the hour of twelve, although it was one o'clock. "That Tiger can climb up on the back of an elephant," said the little ivory clock in an agitated, ticking way. "I have seen it done. Even if I have to live in the kitchen, I must move from this room tomorrow."

Just then the Cat came into the living room on softly padded paws. She had been making her rounds of the

house to look for mice and now she was on her way back to the kitchen. The living room was suddenly quiet, waiting to see what the Cat would do at the sight of the Tiger who had come to live in the house. Her tail would bristle, very likely, and her fur send out sparks.

But nothing of this kind happened. The Cat walked over to the Tiger and looked with her green eyes into his green eyes. Then she went around him, walking softly, and when she came to the Tiger's tail she patted it with her paw. Then, as if nothing had happened to frighten her, the Cat went on her way down to the kitchen.

But the Cat knew more than she ever spoke of, even the furniture could have told you that. She could see in the dark, and step so softly that no one could hear her coming, and growl like a Tiger herself, and sing like a tea-kettle, and catch mice. Oh, the Cat knew more about the Tiger than they did, these old residents of the living room knew. Probably, they thought, she had a plan. She might be going to get the policeman who walked up and down the street at night to capture the Tiger and lead him to the place where he belonged, the town Zoo.

So the living room waited, and the Tiger with green eyes glaring and his sharp, white teeth showing lay on the floor, ready to spring. But nothing happened. Soon it was light, and the desk and the books and the little ivory clock were dumb, for they never speak in the daytime so that people can understand them.

But they wanted to speak. Oh, how they did want to warn Jane, the house child, of the Tiger's teeth! The desk almost moved its legs, another book fell to the floor, and the clock ticked faster than ever as Jane came into the living room directly after breakfast

and stood there, her eyes big with wonder as she looked at the Tiger lying there in his stripes, his mouth wide open.

Then Jane smiled. She ran over and sat down on the floor beside the Tiger and put her arms around his neck and his teeth still showed, but he did not move. All those living room things that had known the far-off lands from which tigers come trembled, but there was no need of their being afraid. The Cat knew something about that Tiger, and she had told it to Jane before breakfast.

That was only the Cat's old grand-

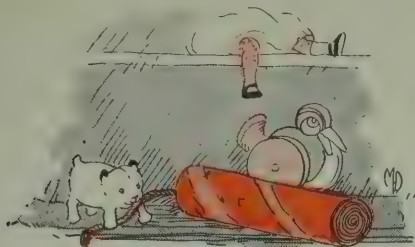
father, her Tiger grandfather, come to spend his last days as a rug in the house of his Cat granddaughter. His eyes were of green glass and his teeth would never bite, for he could not close his mouth. The Tiger was going to be a helpful member of the family, just as his Cat granddaughter tried to be.





HURRAH FOR THE FLAG!

The Firecracker was talking to himself in his place in the window of the toy shop. You would not have been able to catch what he was saying, for he spoke in Chinese, and his voice was choked with powder and sputtery like



The others beside him understood

fireworks. But the others beside him there understood.

“He says that this is his great day, the Fourth of July,” said the wooden soldier. “He says he will be bought and set off and very likely he will burn the boy who lights him.”

Jack-in-the-Box laughed. That seemed funny to Jack, for he liked to scare children. He had an odd idea of what was amusing and pleasant to

do. "Ha-ha!" chuckled Jack, leaning far out of his box so as to see the Firecracker better. "I have no doubt but what he will burn several children. See how large he is and what a long tail he wears. Ha-ha!"

Now the Noah's ark opened and several of the animals looked out. "It would be safer for a boy to take a voyage with us on the Fourth of July," they said, "than to buy a firecracker that can only make a noise and hurt him and his friends. Only think of all the great men who served their country by sailing in ships over the sea, Columbus, and the rest."

“Quack, quack!” said the toy duck on wheels. “You are right, but you must remember that you can only talk about history. You can not really sail. You would spring a leak.” Which was true, and the animals drew their heads inside the ark and said nothing more.

But the toy puppy looked at the Firecracker with big scared eyes. He stood so near that the Firecracker’s long tail, braided like a Chinaman’s queue, touched him. “I have seen dogs running through the street with firecrackers tied to their tails,” he said in his small voice. At that the Firecracker spoke proudly.

“That is nothing to what my family can do!” he boasted in Chinese. “Look at my splendid red coat and my height and my width! All inside of me is powder! If I am set off under a tin pan I will be able to shoot the pan higher than this window. I can frighten a horse so that he will run away. I can make enough noise to wake all the babies on the block. I can hurt a boy so he won’t be able to play for a long time!” It was dreadful to listen to the Firecracker, and as he talked he made crackling sounds inside, in his powder, as if he were going off all by himself there in the win-

dow of the toy shop. But this did not happen then.

It was going to come off soon, though, the toys knew, for down the street came a Boy.

His cheeks were rosy and his eyes bright for the holiday. His little dog ran barking by his side. Now he was almost to the toy shop. Now he had come in, and he was taking his money from his pocket. The Firecracker stood waiting there proudly in his red coat. This, he knew, was his day. The Fourth of July was the day of powder, burns and noise.

But how strange! The Boy did not

buy the Firecracker. He did not even look at it. Instead he bought with his holiday money a red, white and blue flag with stars. It was the Boy's own flag, the Stars and Stripes of his country. He went out of the toy shop waving the flag and shouting, "Hurrah for the Flag!" as he ran along the street. The Firecracker was left alone. He was not sent off.

The toys did not know what to think of this. At last the youngest doll spoke. "They keep the Fourth of July with flags now," she said. "They have a parade and wave the flags as it marches by. Of course you didn't



He went out of the shop waving the flag and shouting

know that, you are all such old residents of the toy shop. But I am new. I keep up with the times. I know how much more sensible the children are now than they were when that old Firecracker was made."

"Ha-ha!" laughed the Jack-in-the-Box, who did not care who he made fun of so long as he had a chance to chuckle at a joke.

"Well, we live in the ark, but we said that Firecracker did not know how to keep a holiday," said the animals, poking out their heads again.

And the Firecracker had not a word to say for himself. He stood up in his

red coat in the front of the toy shop window, but the toy puppy played with his tail and after a while he fell down on his side. No one ever bought him. He never had a chance to do any child a bit of harm.



He'd never in his life been in London

TEA WITH THE PRINCESS

John had never in all his life been to London and he wished very much that he might go. A queen and a king and a prince and a little princess named Mary lived in Buckingham palace in London, and John would have liked to see that princess.

He and father and mother had just come that year to the small village not far from London where they had bought a cottage. They had a garden and a cow and two fine pigs. John was learning to milk and he helped his father raise the fine strawberries that they sold in rush baskets at the

village market. Theirs was a comfortable little cottage with a rose vine growing at the door and a haystack to play in back of the garden. It was a good way of living, with plenty of fresh butter and cream and a fire of coals in the grate on a cool day.

And there was Parker's in the village, a most interesting shop for a little boy. Parker sold almost everything from hay rakes to molasses jaw-breakers, from tea to peppermint drops and snuff. Parker kept cricket balls and bats as well, slates for school with red felt borders and slate pencils wrapped in the British flag stamped

on paper. John used to stop at Parker's on his way home from the market where he had taken eggs and strawberries to sell. It was at the door of the village shop that he met the new little girl.

She had driven down with her governess from the larger estate not far from John's in a basket dog cart drawn by a fat pony. She was certainly strange in their village, John knew, for he had not seen her at school, and she looked shyly up and down the wide street with its great old shade trees as if she were lonely. Some little girls her own age were

playing there with their battledores and shuttlecocks, and the strange child watched them longingly. And when they saw her, these little girls stopped playing and hurried away after looking at her curiously. John thought them rude. He went up to this little stranger in the village and spoke to her.

“Do you live in these parts?” he asked her.

The little girl’s blue eyes danced as she looked into John’s brown ones. How bright and soft her hair was, and she wore blue ribbons and a ruffled white dress! She answered John

politely, although even her words seemed full of laughter.

“Oh, no,” she said. “We come from London.”

London, the great city of John’s dreams! This was exciting. He moved nearer the little girl. “Have you by any chance seen the tower of London and Buckingham palace and heard the bells of the city?” he asked.

“We know all those,” said the little girl with the laughing eyes.

“Did you ever see the king and the queen of England, or any of the royal family?” John went on. “We have but lately come to this village from the

north and I have wished that I might see London and a princess. Are they very fine folks?"

Now the little girl looked sober. "I have seen them," she told John, "and I would say that they were good plain folks like you and me, wearing their crowns because they must for the sake of England. But I must leave you now," she said hastily as her governess appeared from Parker's with a bundle and looked rather sternly at the strange little boy in his blue smock. "We have bought some little china dolls to dress," the girl told John. Then she whispered to him, "Would

you like to see the princess of England this afternoon?"

John gasped in amazement as she went on. "She is staying at the large country house at the end of that lane where there are so many apple trees. I am there too. If you will wear your best suit, boy, and call this afternoon at four o'clock I may be able to let you see her." There was a jump into the basket cart, the governess took the reins, and off went the surprising little girl.

"She is the greatest story teller I ever met," John said to himself as he walked home, but the more he thought

about it, the more he felt like accepting her invitation. He did not know many of the children of the village yet and the little girl he had met at Parker's looked as if she knew how to play with a boy.

John did not tell his mother of his adventure. He was not sure how she would feel about his wearing his white sailor suit, that was all starched for Sunday, for a week day tea. Then, too, perhaps the girl had been only joking. Well, he would find out. John did his chores early, washed his face and hands and combed his hair. Looking very fine in his sailor suit, he went

to the end of the apple tree lane until he came to the great white house that seemed as large as a castle to him. And he knocked bravely at the front door.

A formal looking lady wearing a hat let him in. The long hall down which she led him was dim and cool and very sweet with the perfume of flowers. Then they came to a small room. At the door the lady left John and he went shyly inside. There was tea, and there was the governess pouring it. The little girl with the blue eyes and yellow hair sat at the tea table. But where was the princess she

had promised? Just like a girl, John thought, to make up a story like that and trick him into putting on his Sunday suit.

“Will you have two lumps of sugar?” asked the governess as she poured a cup of tea for John. “Her Royal Highness persuaded her mother to allow you to join her at tea and play in the garden afterward for a little while.” Then the governess turned to the little girl and said, “Mary, how many times have I told you not to play with the tea grounds in your cup!”

Mary! Her Royal Highness! Now he thought of it, the Princess Mary of



Will you have two lumps of sugar?

England would be about the age of this little girl, John thought. He began to feel afraid, but the child laughed back her reply.

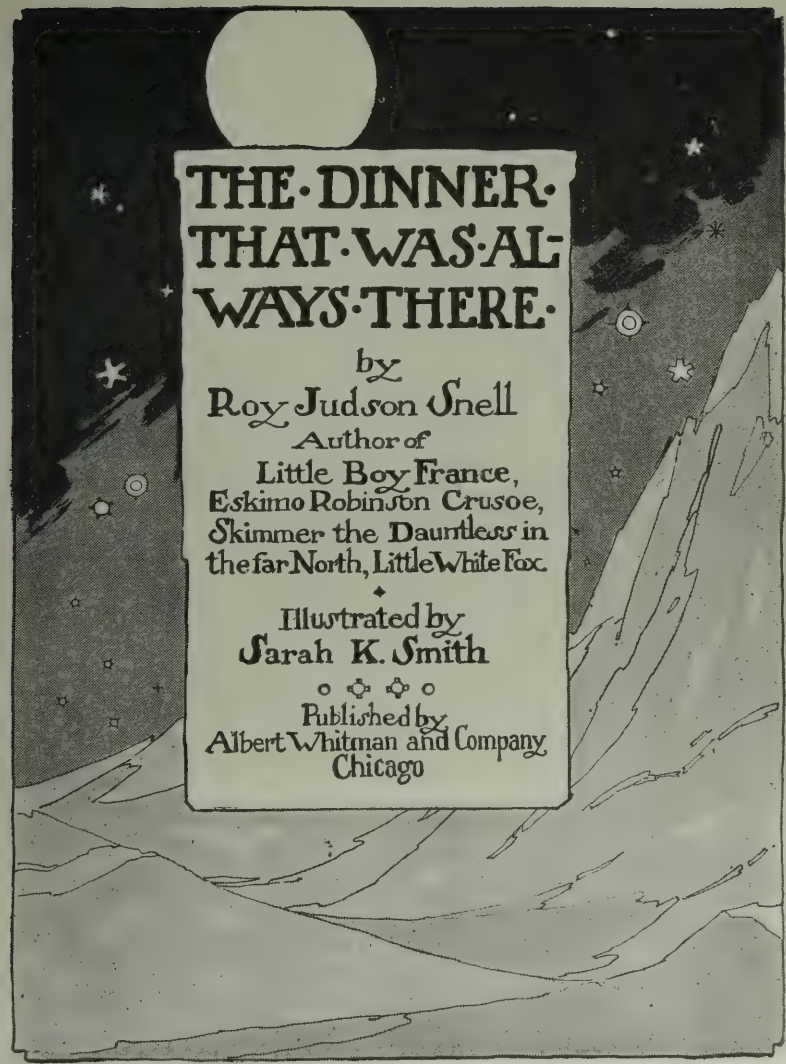
“I am only trying to hide my face, for the boy wanted to see a princess. He may be disappointed in Mary of England who rides in a pony cart to Parker’s.”

Now John knew he was having tea with a princess!

It was a merry tea party and John never forgot it. The Princess Mary grew up to be a loved girl and John was as good a farmer as ever England

knew. They never saw each other again but that was not the princess' fault. She would have shaken hands with him any day, for she is a plain, fine princess.





THE·DINNER· THAT·WAS·AL- WAYS·THERE·

by

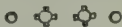
Roy Judson Snell

Author of

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Eskimo Robinson Crusoe,
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